

JEAN ELIOT'S LETTER

A Chronicle of Society



DEAR SUSAN:
If the week past has been busy—and it has—what will the coming week be? Beginning with Monday evening, there is the dinner which the Spanish Ambassador and his wife, Riano, are giving for the Secretary of State and Mrs. Bryan. That same evening the Perry Heaths are having a dinner party for the Vice President and Mrs. Marshall, and the play of A. Washington Pezet, "Marrying Money," also will be a great drawing card. Many of the dinner parties will go to the play afterward, and then the Pezets will entertain both before and afterward for their talented young son. Marie Adams will have a dance that evening also, and many of the better parties will go there afterward.

On Tuesday evening the reception at the White House in compliment to the members of the Diplomatic Corps will be given by the President and Mrs. Wilson, who will return from their lovely rest at Pass Christian, Miss., just in time. This reception, the first of the state receptions of this Administration, is being awaited with great interest by everyone. The cards were not sent out until just exactly a week before the event, and folks again were getting rather distraught. They were refusing invitations to keep the date open for the reception, expecting cards, and yet fearing possibly the President would be unable to return for the reception.

The evening following the reception, the Vice President and Mrs. Marshall will entertain at their dinner in compliment to the President and Mrs. Wilson, and that same evening Mrs. Alexander G. Bentley is having a dance at the Highlands, then the following evening the attractive bachelor Attorney General gives a dinner to the members of the Supreme Court. Then on the following evening (Friday) there will be a musicale at the White House, and the next evening the principal social event will be the reception at the Congressional Club for the Vice President and Mrs. Marshall and the dinner at the Pan-American building in compliment to the Secretary of State and Mrs. Bryan, with the members of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House as the hosts. How does it all strike you? I have failed to mention also that a number of good shows, including Montgomery and Stone, at the National; "Old Reliable," at the Columbia, and some other good ones that I must get in some way.

The charity ball on Monday night for the Children's Hospital was quite the most successful one yet. Washington society dancing to the tune of charity always excels itself.

The crowd was large, but not too much so for comfort, although I must admit that there was not any space to spare. The Marine Band and the Engineer Band played the best sort of music, and the supper was most tempting. Indeed, if you could have sat where I did in the red dining room, in front of the middle doorway, and watched the "bread line," you would have thought that it was a starving mob rather than a large party of dancers of the social set who are supposed to "sup," "dine," and "take a little refreshment."

On account of the large number of guests, the waiters had to rope off the doors and allow the guests to enter a few at a time, and the others were made to await their turn. Those waiting certainly were funny to watch—after the one watching was among the eating. At our table there were three vacant places, and I saw in the bread line three stages I knew, and I sent the waiter for them. On the way to the table one of them, a particularly handsome chap, stopped to speak to some one he knew at a table near by, and a very peevish, or hungry, dowager at the next table called to him in a most clear and carrying voice: "Waiter, please hurry my order." On it was funny! He hurried—not the order, however, but from that vicinity, and when he sheepishly slid into his place at the table he had very little conversation or appetite, and his face was tinged with a deep pink.

Speaking of pretty gowns at the charity ball, reminds me of one I saw Dorothy Alshire wearing. It was of apple green chiffon cloth, or some soft material like that, and the skirt was just a dancing-length, with a pleated ballet of the cloth, and the bodice was just a simple kimono draped effect, without any sleeves, and coming a deep "V" front and back. Ruffles of the softest cream pleated lace formed the very short sleevelets, and a vest effect of fine cream net, shirred very closely, was the only finish. It was one of the simplest and most artistic dresses I have seen this year, and extremely becoming to Dorothy.

Georgia Knox Berry wore one of the prettiest gowns at the charity ball I have ever seen her wear, and I have noticed her in

many pretty gowns, too. This one was of hand-embroidered white pineapple cloth, which her cousin, Nina Van Arsdale, brought from abroad last fall. It was made over the most delicate shade of pink, and one of those lampshade tunic effects was made of turquoise blue taffeta ruffles, and the girdle was of pink rosebuds. The bodice was of the cloth which is worked in a design of large roses over the pink, and finished crystal ornaments. Mrs. Berry will be in Washington for a week, or two longer, and then she will return to her home with Mr. Berry, who comes up from their place in Tennessee next week.

Mrs. Knox gave a lovely bridge-tea Friday for Georgia.

Did you know that pretty little Grace Meyers and George W. Wilcox were engaged? Well, they are, for this is what I read in the paper today: "Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Meyers announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Grace B. Meyers, to George W. Wilcox." And, anyway, Grace told me about it, too. They are to be married next fall some time. She went to Central High School about the time your sisters did, and that was not very long ago.

Somewhere I read a little story in a paper a day or two ago saying that white dress suits may be Washington's next fad for men, and that already one garment of that variety was conspicuous at the leading social events, the wearer being Meyer Davis, a musician, whose music and clothes had society gasping and calling for more.

I meant to clip that and send it to you, and if I did not do so, I'll just tell you all about Meyer Davis now. He is largely responsible for the tango craze in Washington and for the tango fad in this country. He not only can play the best sort of music for the new dances, but he writes the music and originates the most wonderful steps.

He has some brothers, too, who are quite as talented. Hostesses clamor for the Meyer Davis orchestras, and it is a frequent thing in Washington for a hostess to postpone her party until she can settle a date with Mr. Davis.

Guests have gotten so that the moment they get into a room they peep about and see if it is the Davis music, and if it is not they just do not try to hide their looks of disappointment. I attended a large dance recently rather under sufferance than otherwise, and when I entered the room and saw Meyer Davis leading the orchestra in that good looking white suit—well, I knew that the music would be worth while, anyway.

Do you remember that white fur muff I got last year when you were here? I do not use it a whole lot, and rarely in the day time, but the other afternoon I started out for a walk and decided to take it, and I tucked it under my arm while I was getting my gloves on. My brother came along and wanted to know where I was going, and if he might join me, but he said in the most disgusted manner: "Leave whoever poodle that is at home before we start."

Wonder what he would think of a woman who paid hundreds of dollars to have a little blue Pomeranian brought across the ocean by a special messenger just because it matched her furs better than any other one she could find? The very costliest fad, therefore the most exclusive, is to have dogs to match one's furs. Gowns to match one's eyes and hair, and jewels to match said gowns are a thing of the past now.

I know that Pomeranian story sounds like an exaggeration, but I'm told it is authentic and that the woman was Mrs. Francis Carolan, daughter of Mrs. George Pullman. Mrs. Carolan lost "Frou Frou" in Paris early in December, and although everything was done to find the pet, Mrs. Carolan had to return to this country without her. Shortly after Mrs. Carolan reached America she was wired by the police of Paris that the animal had been found in the public pound. The owner sent word back to have the dog rushed over by a special messenger at once, because she knew of no other dog to match her furs, so well. Whether the owner had any affection for the dog, or whether the dog was of any great value other than her coloring, was not said.

Ruth Hitchcock and Douglas Bullock won the prize for the best dancing at the dance which Edith Gracie gave Friday afternoon at her home. Oh yes, contest dancing as a feature of private entertainments is getting to be quite the rage even in Washington. Why not? Prizes are given at card parties.

The date is set for Maitland Marshall's wedding to that very charming paymaster, John H. Knapp, U. S. N. The wedding will be on April 22, in the Church of the Covenant. A large reception will follow.



MISS HAZEL WALLING COOK.

If anyone ever visited in Washington and had a much better time than pretty Hazel Walling Cook, of Asbury Park, N. J., is having, I'd like to know all about it. Miss Cook is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Cook and she is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John N. Pistel, at the Albemarle. There have been the greatest succession of luncheons, dinners, and teas for her, and they are continuing through Friday, when she returns to her home.

And, by the way, I saw Mrs. John R. Williams and her daughter, Mrs. William F. McComb, on the street the other day. Mrs. Williams wants to rent the house and take an apartment for the rest of the winter. Dorothy McComb was just here for a day or two, visiting, and has gone back to join her husband in New York. They (the McCombs) have been in Arkansas, visiting Mr. McComb's folks recently.

Do not forget that Easter Monday night is being saved by everyone for the annual ball which is being given by the Woman's Army and Navy League. It will be held, as usual, in the sail loft at the Navy Yard, and everything is being done by the committee to make it as attractive as possible.

The league is a society organization, twenty-five years old, the object of which is to assist in the welfare and happiness of the enlisted men of the army, navy, and marine corps. It owns and maintains the Soldiers, Sailors and Marines Club, at 317 C street northwest, where visitors are always welcome and it sends books, magazines, hymn-books, lantern slides, and games to the men who are doing duty in isolated places and provides in every way for the betterment of the condition of the men who are serving our country. Each year an entertainment is given in the aid of the cause, and Easter Monday night is the night which everyone is asked to keep open for this occasion.

Such an interesting story about the engagement of Kermit Roosevelt and Belle Wyatt Willard was told me the other day, and I must tell you because I know that anything pertaining to Virginia interests you, and this story certainly does. To begin with, Belle Willard is the daughter of the Ambassador to Spain and Mrs. Willard, and they are Richmond folks. The ambassador, the Hon. Joseph E. Willard, is a Virginian, a native of Fairfax Courthouse, that historic vil-

lage in which the last will of Washington reposes. The marriage of his parents was a most romantic affair, and took place as a result of the war between the States.

In March, 1863, Major General Stoughton was in command of the post at Fairfax, in which town several large bodies of cavalry were stationed. About the middle of the month, on a cold, rainy night, the general gave a big dinner to his friends, and when he retired it was after considerable indulgence in the flowing bowl.

The same drizzling night was selected by Colonel Mosby for an expedition against the Northern force. He "carried the war into Africa" by circling around the town with a few of his men, cutting the wires by which the Union troops communicated with Washington; then entered the village, captured the outposts, and gathered in a large number of prisoners, with horses and equipment. In the dead of night these Confederates entered the room in which General Stoughton lay sleeping, took him out of bed, and with him and the rest of the prisoners stole out of the place before an alarm was given. By dawn they were back within the lines of the Confederacy.

This feat threw the Washington Government into a state of mind. That a general should be borne away at night from the midst of his sleeping troops was something to make people sit up and take notice.

The result was that Capt. Joseph E. Willard, the father of the present ambassador, was sent out to investigate matters. The gallant officer saw in the person of a charming young girl at Fairfax, Miss Antonia Ford, an imaginary spy acting for Mosby, and he thought it best to arrest her. The captain brought her into Washington and lodged her in the Old Capitol prison. But she did not languish behind bars long. In a short while Cupid proved more powerful than Mars, and chimes rang for the wedding of the beautiful Miss Ford and her former captor, Captain Willard.

Wiseacres in Washington society are beginning to wonder if the former Cuban Minister and Mme. Rivera won't be sending out wedding cards very soon. All signs fail sometimes, but then again they do not. Just remember that I said this, please.

I have seen Mrs. Tom Carter twice in the last week, and I had not seen her before in over a year, I'm sure. She is beginning to look like she did before the Senator's death, but is still in mourning.

On Tuesday afternoon she was at the Boston Symphony concert at the New National, which, by the way, was just packed and jammed. Folks were standing three and four deep in the rear of the house, and I was much amused at several young girls who got so weary of standing, but still were so charmed with the wonderful music, that they wouldn't go, and stood on their muffs. They said it was quite restful.

On Wednesday evening I saw Mrs.

Carter in the same theater, chaperoning a box party for those two fine sons of hers. The fine spirit of camaraderie which always existed in the Carter family grows stronger as the boys have become men, and it is a fine thing. Mrs. Carter is sought after not only as a chaperon for the young set, but as a companion.

I sometimes wonder if Mrs. Wilson has any idea of how much pleasure she gives a number of dear little old ladies out at the Presbyterian Home when she sends them flowers? Every now and then a great big box of the choicest blossoms comes to the home from the White House conservatory with the compliments of Mrs. Wilson. They come at the most unexpected times, which makes it all the nicer. Sometimes they arrive just in time to decorate the table for dinner, and sometimes in time for the luncheon table, but whenever they come, it means a "party" for the recipients. They prize the flowers as if they were made of gold, and they take the greatest care of them, making them last as long as they can by changing the water, clipping the stems, and doing the hundred and one other things that only those dear, wise, little women know.

This particular home is not the only objective point of Mrs. Wilson's boxes of flowers. She sends them to the hospitals and to church bazaars and many places about which one never hears. She will take the place in the affection of the women of this country which Mrs. Cleveland has, I think. I remember as a child admiring the flowers which Mrs. Cleveland sent to the old First Presbyterian Church for decoration. After the services, the women of the church used to take them to the Washington Asylum Hospital.

The Commandant of the Marine Corps and Mrs. Biddle had the latter's son-in-law and daughter as their guests for a few days recently on their way home from their honeymoon trip, which has been a little jaunt around the world. Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas left Washington just a day or two ago for their home in St. Louis.

Did I tell you that Elsie Clohan was visiting me for a few days? She came over Thursday en route to her home in West Virginia from Baltimore, where she had been for Edna Gerling's wedding to Richard Steffey on Monday. We are going to Keith's matinee this afternoon, and then there are three teas we hope to get to before 7 o'clock. Write to me very soon.

Jean Eliot

Saturday afternoon.

ALL
FUR SETS
AT HALF

Leverton's
1106 G Street
THE HOUSE OF FASHION

ALL
Trimmed Hats
at Half

January Clearance Sale

EVERY WINTER GARMENT MUST GO

COATS

\$25 Coats, Fancy Cloths, Boucles and Chinchillas . . . \$12
\$35 Coats of Rough Fabric . . . \$19
\$45 Coats, Plushes, Imported Cloths, Velvets . . . \$25
\$50 Evening Wraps, Handsome Models . . . \$25
\$85 Evening Wraps, Very Exclusive, . . . \$40

DRESSES

\$30 to \$40 Dresses, Afternoon and Evening . . . \$19.95
\$45 Dresses, Afternoon and Evening . . . \$25
\$75 Evening Gowns . . . \$39
\$15 Dresses, smart cloths, all colors . . . \$7.95
\$7 and \$8 Serge Skirts . . . \$5

TWO EXTRA SPECIALS

100 Coats of Chinchilla, Boucles, Zibelines and Smartest Fancy Cloths. Were regularly \$15 to \$25. . . \$8.50
Monday . . .

100 Dresses—For Street, Afternoon, and Evening Wear—Chiffons, Crepe de Chine, Velvets, Laces, Lingerie, Epanges, Serges, Were Regularly \$18.00 to \$27.50 . . . \$9.50

SUITS

\$20 to \$25 Suits, Variety of Fabrics . . . \$10
\$27.50 Suits, Serges, Broadcloths and Fancies . . . \$15
\$35 to \$40 Suits, Fur Trimmed Models . . . \$19.75
\$45 Suits, Broadcloths, Velvets and Smart Materials . . . \$25
\$55 Suits, The Season's Best Models . . . \$35
Choice of all Our Finest Suits . . . \$49

WAISTS

\$1.75, \$2 and \$2.50 Lingerie Waists, broken sizes, some slightly mused . . . \$1
Chiffon, Silk and Lace Waists . . . \$1.98, \$3.98, \$5, were \$5 to \$12.50
All the New Colors in Silk Underskirts . . . \$1.98, \$2.98, \$3.98
New Styles Lingerie Waists, . . . \$1.98 and \$2.98